BOZART

and

Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM *and The Oracle*

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1934

A SUNSET

A crimson, gray, and gold
Enchantment to the eye;
Some artist saint spilled all his paint
Adown the western sky.

—*Robert Loveman*

Vol. VIII. No. 1

B O Z A R T

and

Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM and The Oracle

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

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Prizes Offered

"In memory of Ernest Hartsock," donated by Cora Smith Gould—a $25.00 prize for the best poem in each issue of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE, to be awarded by ballot—provided elsewhere in this magazine.

Mrs. E. Bates Block, Town Chairman (Atlanta), Colonial Dames of America, offers a cash prize of $25.00 for the best sonnet published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year 1934. The judges to be nationally known poets.

Mrs. J. B. Francis Hereshoff, an official of the Atlanta Womans Club, and affectionately remembered as Irma Grey Ridley, of Huntsville, Alabama, offers the "Sidney Lanier Poetry Prize" of $25.00 for the best poem on a tree, or trees, published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year, 1934. The judges to be nationally known poets.

(For other prizes, see inside of back cover).

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The Editor's Salon

Ben Jonson was known as "Royal Ben." Now, we have another; but, by this time, everybody knows that Ben Musser is the Poet Laureate of New Jersey—for weeks the papers and magazines have been telling us the good news. We regret that the picture of Laureate Musser, the lovely Mrs. Musser, the three charming children, and the home on the Jersey coast does not lend itself to reproduction. In two of the units the details are too dim. We hope to be able, before long, to present a good picture of OUR Royal Ben.

The Editor of BOZART-CONTEMPORARY VERSE appreciates the great honor that has come to him in being chosen by Lady Laramore, Poet Laureate of Florida, and chairman of Poetry for the National League of American Pen Women, to judge the poems in the 1934 national contest. A great responsibility.

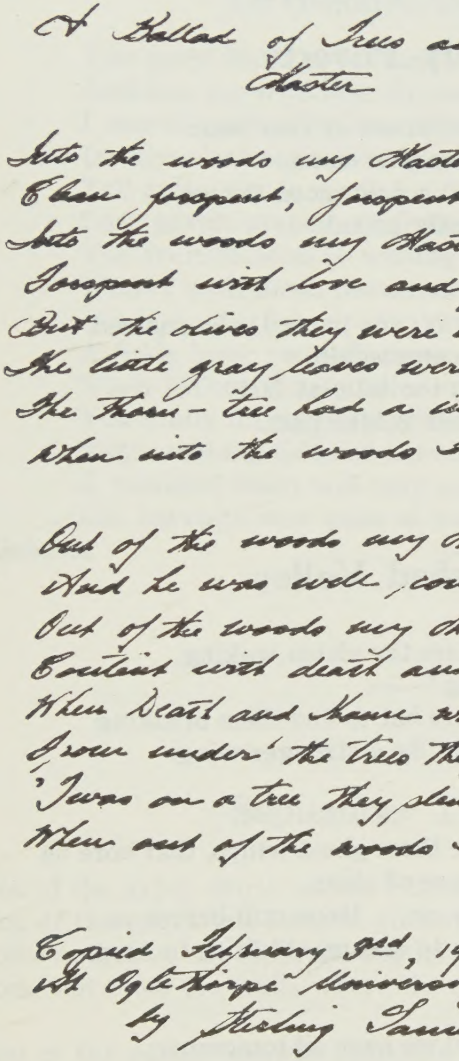
An editorial which recently appeared in The Ridgewood (New Jersey) Herald is presented to our readers in the belief that they will find it interesting and encouraging. Here is the editorial:

FASHIONS IN POETRY

"Poetry is coming into its own," say several prominent poets and teachers of poetry. Neither the poet nor his writings are today relegated to the attic. Even in this time of unprecedented scientific experiment and discovery when every morning's newspaper calls the world's attention to a new finding or a daring feat; when medicine is making astounding strides; when psychiatry is doing or will do—goodness knows what; even in these days most of the quality magazines are publishing more and better poetry, and the poetry magazines are growing in quality, in favor and circulation.

"Before the year A. D. 1912 a poet who was not famous could hardly get his verse into print and how he was to become famous in order to get into print was a problem.

(Continued on Page Thirty-nine)


A Ballad of Jews and the Master

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn-tree had a crown for Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last,
Grown under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him — last
When out of the woods He came.

Copied February 3rd, 1934
at Oglethorpe University
by Sidney Lanier.

(Courtesy, Charles Scribner's Sons)

TWO POEMS

Lady Poverty

She wore the darkness of that hour
As Dian wears a cloud,
Shimmering like a pale moon flower,
And as gently proud.

She came this way; she paused; she passsed.
She never came again.
Those who saw, too late, at last
Learned their golden pain.

Hushed Valley

To dream, but never see the vision waking,
Is this a piteous thing?——
To preen one's feathers but to find them breaking
Under the storms that fly a stronger wing.

Little we know where those ghost wings, that bore us
Swift through the cave of sleep,
Might, waking, carry on. Hope still before us
Gives us new dreams to dream, old faith to keep.

We have our will, and we have all tomorrow;
And through the mist are gleams
Of what we earned as joy, and what of sorrow
Down the hushed valley of a thousand dreams.

New Jersey and
District of Columbia —BENJAMIN MUSSER

To Indian Summer

You gaily flaunt a brilliant autumn dress
And lure me with your shrewd coquettish ways;
I cannot spurn a tender, soft caress
Or turn deaf ear to lovely golden lays.
Tall grain stands ready for the swinging blade,
Lush purple grapes call from the weighted vine,
The fruitful land is waiting now for aid
While I quaff down the nectared woodland wine.

A fickle lover you will prove to be
When jealous winter fades your showy throne,
You subtly fill my heart with ecstacy
While robbing fields of harvests newly grown;
A wounded heart will very quickly mend,
But harvests only come at summer's end.

Alabama —LOUISE LATHAM LEYDEN

September Trees

You of the gypsy skirts, of the Indian feathers,
You of the pagan lais and the glittering beads,
Come out, come out from the depths of the forest hollows,
Come out from the trails where the sun fades and recedes.

You of the paisley shawls, cloisonne and mosaic,
You of the Persian rugs, of the mandarin's cloak,
Come out from the woods and fling your wild dance down the roadway,
Shake your bright flags in the haze and the bonfire smoke.

Minnesota —PHYLLIS TRULLINGER

October Winds

I love October winds. Some
Of them blow softly through my hair
And turning, calmly come

And touch my face. Others stare
Into my eyes—then, I dream
Of rugged mountains where

October winds are wild. The stream
Of Nolichucky maddens then,
And night-owls scream

Into the night. The hidden den
Of lions echoes as the wind
Cries low; but when

The mountain cedars ghastly grind
Their pointed limbs, and dead leaves fall
Onto the ground, I find

Wild joy within my soul—a call
October winds bring back to me
Again, for I am small

And every hill and mountain tree
Engulf my wild, mad soul. But now,
October winds are free

And blow quite gently on my brow
With peace and warmth, and I forget
The other winds again—somehow.

Tennessee —VIRGINIA DOSS

October In Oklahoma

Oh, brown-bodied winds of the Oklahoma prairies,
You long-striding runners of the blue-brown plains,
Go—run swiftly through the yellow, sifted sunlight,
Through blue flects of shadows and slow-spilled rains!

Go, lean bounders with the slender, silver bracelets,
You bronze-bodied singers of the low-crooned tunes;
Go, run swiftly through the purple-misted twilight
And bend gleaming bodies under blue-white moons!

Go, run swiftly with a whispered padded running,
Oh, run to the mountains where the leaves sing sweet.
Take—oh, take it quickly—our little gift of laughter
Up the tree-brimming mountains—and lay it at his feet!

Kansas —ESTER LOLITA HOLCOMB

October Moment

It was,
In fact,
October!
With the wine-hued trees
In blossom more splendidly
Than in Springtime!
The breeze sauntered past
And all the leaves trembled,
Like reflections from the sun
On the stained
And hammer-beaten gold
Of Autumn's own wine-goblet!

New Jersey —CARL BOMBERGER

Autumn Sketch

The mountain sides, all patched with gold
Where clumps of aspen grow,
Are criss-crossed by a hundred paths
Where patient sheep well know
The homeward trail, when icy winds
The higher pastures seer,
And strip the herbage to the ground
And chill the flocks with fear.
The moving band, half veiled by dust,
Are crowding on their way
Where leading ewe and tinkling bell
Have guided them all day.
And countless throats protest in bleats,
Grim Hunger stalks in vain,
Until the rocky trails are crossed,
Till grass is found again—

The aspen trees are left behind
Like golden shadows, there,
And evening finds the mountain side
In silence, sweet as prayer.

Idaho —FLORENCE BREHMAN

Falling Leaves

In the autumn
The elm leaves
Curl tight,
As though to hold
The secret of their beauty
In clinched fingers.

Kansas —LOU AGNES REYNOLDS

Autumn Dancers

The leaves are dancing now to fine guitars
With hasty gesturing, while every tree
Vibrates with limbs in trembling ecstacy,
Like those for whom the breaking down of bars
Means unguessed joy. With distant tintamars
Of carnival they shimmer, brightly-free
In touch-thrilled forms, blurred kissing, sudden glee,
Before the world is dark and high with stars.
These shall not enter homes to fireside hum
And be forever safe within. So all
Should know the jerk of glad delirium
And tingle openly a crimson call:
For soon the empty hush of snow will come,
In spite of street and lawn or garden wall.

Canada —ALAN CREIGHTON

Beauty In Autumn

Look well on Beauty when she shows her face;
Look well, since hers is but a passing glance.
For Beauty hastens with a fleeting pace
And shows an evanescent countenance.

When Autumn climbs her russet stair
With red leaves woven in her hair,
Then Beauty lingers everywhere.

When Autumn's golden haze spreads dappled lace
On field and forest, then each day enchants
And Beauty lingers everywhere.

While hyacinthine days speed like the breeze
That soon will roar chill winter's harmonies;
Pause to remember Autumn's ecstacies.

Alabama —BESS STOUT LAMBERT

Nature's Ensemble

A field of grain,
A drowsy lane,
Enchant me like an old refrain;

A spreading tree,
A bird, a bee,
Are my selected company.

Through leafy height
A trembling light
Makes every flower a dancing sprite,

And flicks a trace
Of youthful grace
Across the hillside's stony face.

By Heaven spanned,
The blue peaks stand —
The valley lies in Wonderland;

Nature has laid,
In sun and shade,
The fairest pattern ever made.

Songs rise within
Like a violin,
As I follow the trail where God has been.

Illinois ARTHUR MILTON POPE

Mellow Autumn

Autumn is an old man,
With apple-red cheeks,
Sitting quietly in the sun
Musing upon his past.

Alabama —MARY WALLACE KIRK

Grief

There never was a lonelier cry
Against an autumn-petaled sky
Than that of trees that know at last
Their leaves must launch upon the blast
As small untutored ships of pale
Rain-whitened texture and must sail
Forgotten ways along this hill.
The grasses, drained of chlorophyll,
Lift futile blighted arms to feel
The passing of each leaf-ship's keel;
And when they find no sturdier things,
Sigh dismally as broken wings.

Your slender fingers resting here
Will curl in sudden nameless fear
When you hear swiftly through the grass
The subtle patterned chorus pass
Of drifting leaves and dwindling thread
Of love from hearts untenanted.
As lonely on an autumn wind
As poplar branches stripped and thinned,
Your voice will tremble, dim and low;
And listening, hidden, I shall know
On empty hills, down steady sky,
There never was a lonelier cry!

Arkansas —RICHARD LEON SPAIN

October Orientale

A royal flamingo stalked across the sky at five,
stiring fluffy clouds alive
with orange glory vivified
on amethystine blue.

New York —OTHO VON BUSSE

Beaches in October

They are left alone, the long grey beaches,
The city has withdrawn from them
Its stream of human life
And no one comes:

None but the waves in orderly succession
With their white heads and simple music.
The hundreds of trampling feet,
The swarms of pink and brown bodies
Are gone: the sands may rest.

They lie at rest now form the petty invasion
Of Philistine hordes, the shameless litter
Of careless pleasure seekers, their foolish laughter
And blare of voices in discordant singing.
There is here no sound
Save that of the waves,
Low and harmonious
Like the beat of time.

Silence is stronger than sound
And emptiness far more potent
Than fulness; swiftly these pebbled stretches
Shall recover their stolen beauty.
(What was man but a breath upon them?)
Lapped by the waves to a serene abandon,
Soon they shall sleep, forgetting.

We too shall forget
The crowds, the shouting, the shattered music;
But we shall remember
The aftermath, the long gray beaches,
Lying at rest, deserted.

Canada —ELSIE FRY LAURENCE

Red Leaves of Maple

Red leaves of maple were October's one
Return of beauty; like the flame of spring,
Come down from the bright caldron of the sun,
Swift crimson colors of the autumn bring
A decoration to renew the dun
Brown eyes of April. Now the crickets sing
Against the winter, shouting that, somehow,
Their summer must not die within this flame
Consuming leaves which linger on the bough.
But separate seasons can not be the same
For men or maples; the earth is waiting now
To answer when the long frost calls its name.

New Jersey —CARL JOHN BOSTELMANN

Last Laughter

"Let us laugh while we may,"
To the maples said I,
"Winter is coming, and joy will be dead;"
And I lifted my voice to the October sky;
The maples replied in a riot of red.

Now we are still
With a breathless foreboding,
Awaiting the winter, and whatever comes after;
The maples and I have known cruelty and cold,
Bare of red leaves, empty of laughter.

Though nothing is bare
As the winter is bare,
There is always the promise the maples are keeping;
"A craven," say I, "who would yield to despair;"
And locked in my heart now, laughter lies sleeping.

Iowa —FAY CASHATT LEWIS

Hints of Autum

Every tree is soft with sighing
Every bush is bowed with dreams.
Through a hazy, misty vapor
A far sun sends down its gleams,
Warmly glimmering the landscape
Soft with pinkish purple tints;
Gray tones, haze, soft sighs, and dreaming—
These are surest Autumn hints.

Indiana —DAISY MOORE BYNUM

Two Seasons

It did not matter then
What pattern the earth wore:
But summer had fashioned again
Gold roses at the door.

The drowsy fields were white
With daisies body-high,
And clouds blew thin and bright
Across the blue, deep sky.

But now, somehow, it matters:
I have a personal grief
In every bloom that scatters,
In every frost-scarred leaf.

In brown leaves in the gutter,
In sparrows without a song;
In autumn lips that mutter:
Time is so long, so long . . .

Florida —EDITH FULTON

Fugitives

With summer like an altar in my heart,
Aflame with scarlet buds, I think it odd
To rouse from dreams and notice with a start
Blue butterflies on yellow goldenrods.
I did not mark the ways that summer went—
I had forgot that it must go at all . . .
Lush fields and orange moons . . . I was content—
Confused with loveliness beyond recall.

Past years, I roamed the autumn woods, alert
For crimson leaves, exclaiming when a sign
Portended fall . . . What brings a sudden hurt
To see the marks where frost has touched the vine?
Oh, autumn takes the wealth that summer gives—
And spring and I are tragic fugitives!

Iowa —MARGUERITE E. HOFFMAN

Souvenir

All things are tokens of the past,
Memorials of yesterday:

Snowflakes—the shrouded corpse of rain;
Old wine—the blood of shriveled vines;
Silence—the echo's mute refrain;
Poems—the ore from beauty's mines.

Wan wraiths of sunshine hover near
Their vanished pools of gold,
And autumn is a souvenir
Of this year's spring grown old.

Virginia —CHARLOTTE GORDAN BENAS

The Weaver

An aching beauty clothes the lifted hills
As Autumn flings her shuttle rhythmic'ly,
And turns the green of every bush and tree
To brown and gold and crimson. Blue haze spills
Down far horizons; wisps of grey smoke rise
And pungent odors from slow burning leaves;
Each day with magic threads she swiftly weaves
New patterns on the loom of earth and skies.

So autumn days will ever stir again
Each year, this sharp forgotten loveliness;
And waken memories to softly press
Against the heart, their haunting joy or pain.
A poignant hurt comes with each falling leaf
That such bright beauty needs must be so brief .

Ohio VIRGINIA EATON

Storm

I love the rain —
  The very sound
Of pelting drops
  On thirsty ground —

I love the rain —
  And flashing light,
The giant torch
  That rips the night.

I love the rain;
  And thunder blast;
The baptised earth
  When storms have passed.

Iowa —ELENORE LEE WHITE

Remembering

Through night's black watches shunned of sleep I lie
Remembering bright hours: Roses fling
Immortal essences around me; high
In heaven flowers the fragile moon of spring;
Or it is gold October, and we go,
Lovers again, across the yellowed land,
Or by the sheltering hearth, as wild winds blow,
Read the red embers, hand in quiet hand.
One after one the shining hours unbidden
Emerge from memory's purple-fruited door,
Bearing, each one, the roses she has hidden
From rose-devouring time forevermore.
And word and look and vanished touch they bring
Till all the dark with you is blossoming.

California —SUSAN MYRA GREGORY

Impressionistic

The night had almost washed the flaming sunset from the sky,
Leaving purple smudges, turning gray,
As tho the master painter, finishing a tapestry,
Had left his pallette for another day.

Georgia —GRACE WOODWARD HOWARD

In Summer's Wake

Under the leaves of the hedge it clings,
A trinklet that Summer lost,
A butterfly with its folded wings
All silvered by the frost.

Missouri —EMIR F. AMMERMAN

Thomas Holley Chivers

On seeing the only known copy of the poet's first book, "The Path of Sorrow", published in Franklin, Tennessee. 1832.*

A hundred years has buried in dark shade
This small and curious book, first lyric cry
Of him who unremembered would defy
Oblivion and demand a debt unpaid.
With poignant word and grief that does not fade
Is drawn a watered way of tears, where lie
Green fields of spring in prostrate waste swept by
An angry flood, youth's home of faith betrayed.
He goes beyond the mountains then to sing
In accent Byron taught. Much burdened though
From earth would dauntless soar on seraph wing.
Strange melody and tortured dream of woe
To Georgian glade and oaken grove now bring
Again the voice of Chivers, friend of Poe.

District of Columbia —EMMA CHASE

* In the possession of Mr. Robert Housum, of Cleveland, Ohio.

I Touch The Past

I touch the past with tender, ghostly fingers,
Slowly weaving threads that make no pattern
On the waiting tapestry; its warp
Is long and fluted with a thousand thoughts
That point in mute and vivid accusation,
In my mind's tense pain, to waving gardens,
Soft in the setting sun, which might have grown
Upon its surface. Remembered ecstacy
Plies with a blunted needle. . . Let me find
The thread of peace to blend the fraying ends
Into a pattern, infinite and whole!

New Jersey —MILDRED W. CLARK

Paean of a Pebble

I am a pebble,
Tiny and roll-y and round,
And I lie on the ground.
I have no beauty, I have no wings,
But the little stone heart inside of me sings,
That I am alive.
I know
God would not have made me so
Had He not wished me to be
Just as I am ——
Tiny and roll-y and round
And to lie on the ground.

I Sing a Paw-paw Tree

I have a little patch of sky
As blue as sky can be.
I have a lovely book to read.
And a bird.
And a paw-paw tree .

My heart would burst to have any more.
I am as happy as I can be—
With that lovely book—
And that lovely bird—
And the sky—
And the paw-paw tree.

California —ESTELLE THOMSON

Estelle Thomson

Her thoughts
As dear, as sweet
As flowers
Blossom in her heart
She gathers them,
And makes for me
A song.

California —CATHERINE M. ALBRIGHT

I Give My Being up to Thee

Oh Night, why must you be so lovely, pray?
From so much sweetness I would never flee;
Yet, can I bear the heaviness you lay
Upon my heart? It presses silently.
Unanswerable longings you compel,
Yet unresponsive mysteries enfold
My waiting, straining senses, in your spell.
What is the magic power, never told?

... Monotony of crickets' lullabies....
The transient flash of fireflies as they pass
The star-blanched erie whiteness under skies
So hushed I hear the dew fall on the grass.
Your sweetness stabs me; will not let me be.
Oh, Night, I give my Spirit up to Thee.

Maryland —IDA ELAINE JAMES

Protest

I am afraid of the little life.

Of being crushed and beaten
By its squalor.
I am afraid of being caught
In the dullness of long days,
And blinded to all beauty,
Tied down to little ways,
With everything a duty.
I'd rather taste despair,
The very dregs of sorrow,
If only I can really live—
And though I die tomorrow.

I am afraid of the little life—

Texas —MARY EARNEST

Patient Beauty

Beauty haunts the twilight and the dawn,
But there are none to see her.
She sits in detachment,
Gazing with compassionate eyes
Upon blinded men and women,
For well she knows why they cannot see.

A dreadful fear pervades them,
The fear of tomorrow,
So their eyes are closed
To all else but livelihood.

Beauty lingers and waits.
She has infinite patience,
For the years have taught her wisdom.
She knows the time will come
When their blindness will melt away,
And she, Griselda, will receive her due.

Illinois —FAY SLOBOD

Swiftly Flowing

I danced a measure
  And loved a faun
And wrote some verses,
  And youth was gone.

I tread a circuit
  And watch the sky
For sign of purpose,
  And life goes by.

Shall I sleep a little
  With eyes shut fast,
And wake from dreaming
  And death be past?

Maine —FLORENCE BURRILL JACOBS

The Cry is Ever New—The Crying Old

A this is old—the vaulted sweep of blue,
And tree roots piercing subterranean caves—
The measured tidal flow of ocean waves
From ancient vastness—springtide breaking thru
The soil and covering over lush and new
The desolate barrenness of last year's graves,
And yet this flower that lingering winter braves
Within no other cycle ever grew.

The cry is always new—the crying old,
And fresh the sight of swallows flying high,
Tho when the first man breathed of life he told
Of how their stormy rush of wings whipped by—
Of seeing this, a moon of slivered gold
Between these stars and floating down the sky.

Arizona —FLORENCE RUSSELL

Riddle

Three I had loved,—
Three I love still.
One was water,
One was fire,
And one was a far high hill.

I tried to stem the tide,—
Oh, I was rash!
I sought to tame the fire,—
My heart was ash.

Three I loved,—
Three I love still;
But my heart has come to rest
On the far, high hill.

Texas —CHARLENE B. UNDERWOOD

Silver Star of Evening

First silver star of evening hear my wish.
It is not much; I only ask to know
The first sharp movement of the Autumn's slow
Reluctant turn to winter; and the swish
Of icy wind across mesquite and pine.
Only to watch the startled fall of leaves
In patterned rhythm where the moonlight weaves
The black and silver net of its design.

A wish upon the first star's twinkled flame
Is such a brittle thing no one can tell
The secret of its power, nor mark the spell
Of shafted amber points. It is a game
Of chance played on the giant wheel of night,
Illumined by the first star's magic light.

Arizona —FRANCES DAVIS ADAMS

Empty Second

Sit by a window,
Contemplate the tablecloth,
Watch an ant run through a crack
In the wall.

Listen to the clock tick,
Gnaw upon a fingernail,
Catch your breath and heave a sigh and
Wish the sun would go.

Search the fabric, find a space
And crawl between two clock-beats
From the sun.

California —MARION GOBLE

Cedars

Cedars are ageless. Cedars never know
The passing seasons or the march of years;
Silent upon their hillsides, cedars show
No sign of spring when all the woodland wears
Her symbol in green leaves; no cedar deigns
To cast a leaf when winter scourges by;
They stand untouched by time and all his stains,—
These ageless trees that never seem to die.

Cedars are stoics; therefore, it is good
That one should find them on a silent hill,
Beside the dead. Theirs is a hardihood
That never knows defeat, — serene and still,
They whisper down to those who sleep below:
Life comes; life goes, — the dream shall never go.

Georgia —ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

Twilight Chansonnette

The waves beat an accompaniment
To songs the cedars play
And through the leaves of towering birch
I see the last of day.
A bashful moon is coming out
To have a look around,
And in the reeds that fringe the bay
Frogs make a welcome sound.
A young wind sighs, and smells too sweet
To linger over-long
For, lo, the greedy swaying trees
Have used it in a song.

Illinois —ELEANOR MACLAIN SHANAHAN

Who Sings of Trees

Who sings of trees must ever know
His breath is sweet with harmonies.
He shares in rites of long ago,
Who sings of trees.

His muse can ask no greater ease
Of rhythm than the lilting flow
Of sap that sweeps through limbs like these.

In days to come October blow
My whirl his leaf on earth to freeze,
Yet Spring will bring him verdant glow,
Who sings of trees.

New York —ANNIE HATCH BOORNAZIAN

To A Poplar Tree

So long the sea had held me, I forgot
Your shaft of golden beauty on the hill—
Holding October like a coronal
Of leafy stars on branches dark and still.
I had forgot your arms, as temple spire,
Transcribing God against the open sky—
Beatitudes in patterned foilage,
In marble boughs a yearning prophecy.
With hands I do not touch you, nor with eyes
In worship claim your shining pinnacle,
Only with cheek close pressed against your bark
I intermingle with your miracle.
Happy with you, in glorious interlude,
To live, a tree, in Autumn's sanctitude.

Georgia —KATE FORT CODINGTON

Song of The Wind And Forest

The forest is dancing a Bacchanal,
  Flinging her arms to the racing sky,
Tossing her hair in a triumphale,
  Maenad-wild as the winds rush by
Catching the hands of the whirling trees,
  Drawing them upward on wings of night,
Till their branches sway from their gnarlèd knees
  In dancing patterns of lace and light;
And flutter and tremble and cry aloud
  With the painful joy of that mad caress,
And stretch their arms to the scudding cloud
  That flies aloof from their joyousness.
The wind is a lover who dares to love
  With cruel power at his passion's call,
And clasped in his arms as he leans above,
  The forest is dancing a Bacchanal.

Virginia —AMY SMYTH

The Cottonwoods

The cottonwoods are peasant folk,
Quite practical and plain,
Their sturdy, self-reliant roots
Scorn luxury of rain.

The large-leafed aristocracy,
The maple and the oak,
Need pampering to lend their shade
To pioneering folk.

But every homestead on the plains
Has blessed the cottonwood
That sheltered it from sun and storm
With patient fortitude.

Missouri —VELMA WEST SYKES

Sobbing Pines And Resin Stains

He stood among the fresh-cut fragrant chips,
And as the aromatic tang swept up,
His nostrils widened in exhilaration—
As though he held the effervescing cup
Of Bacchus pressed against hot, thirsty lips.
Viewing the felled length of a great pine tree
Exultantly he felt his muscles swell,
And virile strength run strong and proudly red;
Then satisfied, and whistling lustily,
He swung the seldom-used, keen-bladed axe
Upon his shoulder—ready now to go.
But striding from the grove, amazed he heard
The sobing of the hewn tree's brother-pines,—
And seeing stains of resin on his hand,
Imagined them red-bright as Cain's deep brand!

Alabama . . —WINNIE LYNCH ROCKETT

Pine

With regal arrogance you hold
Your fronded head on high,
Seeming so earthly-wise, so old
And staidly strong, that I
Who feel so meekly commonplace
Beside a pine so tall,
Covet this proudly-flaunted grace
Of your impending fall!

New Hampshire —FRANK E. PALMER

Rain

With shoulders hunched in grief
The sky sits weeping
Drearily.

Tennessee —WILLIAM PATTERSON

The Pine at Home

One tree still holds my heart in its green hands,
The pine at home, and swinging from each bough
Are empty nests of childish hopes. In lands
Removed I have envisaged rest as now,
With night a robe of velvet in my fingers,
Its soothing folds enveloping the pine
With tutelage of muted dark that lingers
As soothingly on wearied flesh of mine.

I have sought food from many fruited stems,
Heard winds atune among susurrant leaves,
Asked rest of boughs abloom with starry gems,
And find my quest at home by childhood's eaves.
Let fruits decay and other singing cease,
This pine alone bears offering of peace.

Florida —FAY LEWIS NOBLE

Palmyra

The bitterns cry "Zenobia"
Where once Aurealian
Tramped with his Roman legions,
The desert and the sun
Have conquered. All her palaces
Stand open to the sky,
The camels of the Arab
Go slowly padding by.
The bitterns cry "Zenobia"
An old and queenly name
The years have failed to tarnish
Keeps burning like a flame.

California —BEULAH MAY

Deep Fingers

This oak that shouted and tussles with the storm,
Fearless in laughter, stands against the shock
Not only with stout trunk and knobby limb:
Below, deep roots are intimate with rock.

Since first the polished acorn, lulled in loam,
Was stabbed by the brisk urgency of birth,
No branch has tried the alien paths of air
But knew a sister-branch embracing earth;
No leaf has held the amber weight of sun
Or tugged in summer wind, but silently
Some root has crooked a finger into soil,
Intent to foster a long constancy.

And if, storm-dazzled, I bear gratitude
For this brave stoop of limb, this weathered bark,
My trust flows down to that inverted oak
That weaves a quiet stanchness in the dark.

New York —BONARO WILKINSON OVERSTREET

Cinquain

How still the waves are;
They are silent nuns
Wrapped in white hoods
On their way to prayer
Seeking a destiny of shore.

Maryland —JULIA E. COLLINS

On The Gulf

While waves splash wonder at our feet
The sea gulls circle round on round
The far stars chime, the sea drums beat,
And vaster chords of soul resound.

Texax —FRANCES ALEXANDER

Low-Country Rivers

Follow the course of a slowly moving river:
Ogeechee, Waccamaw, or Sapelo,
Through unfrequented woods where mosses quiver
Like cobwebs in the wind; where herons go
In slender whiteness, wading wine-dark pools,
And iridescent purple gallinules

Skim over saffron lotos bloom . . . "Santee,
Pamlico, Pascagoula," bring to mind
Glamor of cypress swamps; an inland sea
Of hyacinths; festoons of yellow twined
By jessamine above a salt morass.
Escambia, Suwanee, Tensaw, pass

Palmetto marshes where magnolias lift
Great blooms like stars against the malachite
Of bay and tupelo; where shadows shift
In liveoak avenues as filtered light
Recedes. Slow rivers drowsing on their sand,
Carry the life blood of a gracious land.

Alabama —LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY

Gay Laughter

Smiles from a happy heart arise,
The sad heart laughs aloud;
Quiet, to happiness, is Paradise,
Sadness seeks a crowd
Striving to blunt in laughter gay
The prickly thorns along life's way.

District of Columbia —SARA VIRGINIA BUCKLEY

The Changeful Desert

Out-flung and vast, the sagebrush desert lies,
An unswept carpet, faded, rough and gray,
A dusty sun-room where the rude winds play,
Worn thread-bare, scorching under wide-rimmed skies.
Upon its surface, death's envenomed eyes
Are baleful darts that glitter toward its prey;
Coyotes whimper and the weary day
Sits brooding, watching where a vulture flies.

But oh, at night the changeful desert seems
A garden, lantern-hung, where mystery
Awaits her lover, dawn; her garment gleams
With jewel-eyes; mock flower beds are dark
And silver-etched; all's hushed, till suddenly,
The desert morn is heralded by a lark!

Oregon —LULU PIPER AIKEN

Midnight In England

Midnight hung on tree and chimney;
Repose stole forth,
Breathing the fragrance of sleep.

The garden was a church,
Holding the flowers of prayer;
Was the sky a sin, and was the pond
Of silver in the moonlight, death?

No, for there,
Breathed upon the flowers,
A nightingale,
In the rough silhouette
Of a silver birch before the moon,
Lisped an enchanting music-melody.

New York —LEO A. QUINN

Memories of Dry Fork

There's a tinge of winter in the air;
Its crisp and crunching frost is on the grass;
The distant sun-lit peaks are bleak and bare,
A whistling wind comes riding up the pass.

Then Autumn calls and from the shadowed east,
Gray dawn breaks through her fragile winter shroud,
Shedding white light upon the sharp cliffs, fleeced
And barred with bumbled heaps of drifting cloud.

Warm rays come stealing through the dark pitch pine,
Gnarled by the blasting winds of countless years,
And on the trembling aspens, sunbeams shine;
Dew glistens wet like flawless diamond tears.

And down great cliffs that man can never scale
Thin crystal streams from crevassed boulder flow;
And dauntless crags the racing clouds impale,
And fling aloft white pinnacles of snow.

Some day above this world, where God unfurls
His standard from the roof-tree of the sky;
And far-off truth her ringing challenge hurls;
Some day I shall return before I die.

New York —LOIS SHANLEY

Gossip

Coming
Up from the west
The spread wings of the wind
Startle the leaves into gentle
Whispers.

Massachusetts —H. COLUMBUS ISAACS

Someday

Someday when I go walking, not alone,
Alloying into strength the clay of dread,
There will be more than footprints to be read
In dualled imprint on each bladed throne;
There will come straightly water from a stone,
Wine from the dust, and in the evening bread
Shall flower from every tree as though the thread
Was here to spin an Eden faith has shown.

There will be all of this, the firm amender,
The reaching for a heaven long disclaimed,
Belief beyond the hopes of race or gender,
In that one thing the soul has only named.
There will be all of this for me to own
Someday when I go walking, not alone.

Minnesota —Merle Beynon

Renegade

My tankard is drained and my shilling is spent
The cock on the vane is still,
The hounds on the earth are dreaming of home—
The lure of an Irish hill.

Acushla, the night is a sword in my heart,
The candle is guttered down;
And only the moon and a few patient stars
Are watching above the town.

It's useless to grieve and I know it full well
I've shattered the murky glass
But even the pieces reflect your sweet eyes,
I'll never forget you, my lass.

Michigan —Muriel Jeffries Hurd

Silence

There is but silence now; the deep commotion
Dies down, the storm is spent, and on the wave
Only the sea-bird rests. Beneath the ocean
Lies all that once was beautiful and brave
Hushed is the music of the early morning;
The cymbals clash no more, the horns' high shrill
Clamor is done. In low, recurrent warning
The last faint viol fades along the hill.

And I, who have been wont to cry in song
The urgent sorrow as the bright dream passed,
Seeking the clue by which it might be found—
Am now grown one with night, and of the strong
Dark quiet of her stars have learned at last
Silence more beautiful than any sound!

Virginia —JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

One Candle

I think I shall go out
As the flame of a candle flickers,
Blown into darkness by a gust
Of wind, coming cold and sharp
From a dim passage.
The world has need of a moon
Transcendent with austere,
Reflected splendor.
But a penny's worth of tallow,
Rounded about a coarse thread,
Makes a taper.
And even a fool should know
The pointed edge of fire
Needs no abetting wind
Shortly to send the melting wax
To dark infinitude.

Michigan —RUTH G. VAN HORNE

Telegraph Wires

They make strange music in the autumn night,
These taut, harp-tempered strings, stretch prairie-wide
To the vast-fingered wind. With dirges sighed
Incessantly in minors, they incite
To epic dream — bronzed plainsmen with light
Of conquest in their eyes, trudging beside
Slow-crawling wagon trains; and the fierce pride
Of the earth-born mothers armed with their subtle might.

All night the ghostly wagons wind along
The dusk-bound trails, toiling forever West
Toward the deep-voiced Pacific . . . As they pinned
The plangent copper wire with cross and prong
To cedar poles, little the linemen guessed
That they were tuning harp-strings to the wind.

Oregon —OTTO FREUND

Dolores

"Dolores" is a haunting, lyric word—
As musical as ripples on the sea;
Or wistful, plaintive strains of melody
That dreaming lovers, ages past, have heard;
The liquid notes, a pulsing-throated bird
Has poured into the summer's harmony;
The tender, silver tones of memory
Within the heart that flaming love has stirred.

"Dolores" — sadness is its meaning — yet
I cannot quite companion grief with you.
As soon link sorrow with a violet,
Or place a wreath upon a rainbow hue!
"Dolores" is a music-throbbing name —
And you and melody are quite the same.

California —CORA MAY PREBLE

Vision

Here, good man!
Let me take your hand until we've crossed the road.
There are many travelers today and some might be
Preoccupied and fail to see you in their haste. . . . .
Pray do not treat a stranger thus,
But rather feel it is a boon to us
That we may in a minor way provide the proof
Of Brotherhood of Man.

The trees? . . . You've known this path before . . . ?
Yes, they are the same.
Tall, stately guardians of the road between.

The sun? . . . It's high above us
And its rays are warm for February.
How strange it is that often we forget
These pleasant, balmy days,
Which in their rare untimeliness
Should leave an imprint on the mind
Of golden sun on golden browns,
And rather be, by very contrast to the bitter days,
A lasting joy.

The sky? . . . . It is a vivid blue. And here and there
Are puffy clouds of white.
Like little pats of cotton floting through the air.

Wait. I'm sorry, but a little child is running toward us
And I fear that we may meet to mutual grief.
Her eyes are blue and yellow curls are dancing on her head.
She's holding out her arms to you.
You know her? . . . She's yours? How beautiful she is!
Oh. . . You have never seen her! . . .

What was it fretting me before I met that man?
Ah . . yes. It was that I had to walk.
And I was much incensed
By some mechanic's carelessness.
And now I see so many things that I had failed
To notice on this street before.

Nebraska —MARGARET L. MANGOLD

White Love of Mine

Its glory did not strike us dumb,
Dear dead white love of mine, of mine,
Before we knew that it had come,
Our day was spent, the quiet dawn,
Faded to afternoon and gone,
Dear dead white love of mine, of mine.

But from the depths of us a cry,
Your untried heart to mine, to mine;
Your calling of my name, and my
Swift coming to your outstretched hand,
We did not mark or understand,
Dear dead white love of mine, of mine.

Love's dawn within a touch, unseen,
And quick night treading close behind,
Why did we love at all, and why
Why couldn't we stay happy, blind?

Tennessee —RIVERS LODGE

Surprise

I searched the world for Happiness
And could not find it: then—
"I left a little door ajar,
And Happiness sneaked in!"

Georgia —LUCILLE EDGEWORTH OSLIN

Day's End

No angelus, no tear, no requeim,
Only a few lads on a vacant lot
Kicking a football as the sun goes down

Indiana —LOUIS HASLEY

Trees at Twilight

Most trees are simply trees by day,
But in the twilight sky,
They put on weird and foreign shapes
That fascinate the eye.

The twisted pine beside the road
Portrays an eagle's sway;
Wide-opened beak and grasping claws
It swoops down on its prey.

The quaking aspen on the hill,
So high above our town,
Pretends to be our reigning queen
And dons a glittering crown.

I often wish that trees could speak
And they would tell, some noon,
Just why they change their silhouettes
To please a fickle moon.

Colorado —MARGARET L. SCHELL

To Edith Mirick

Strong as the rocks are strong, the brook is clear
We hold your messages, as through the year
You see beyond the stars, beneath surprise,
"And find a lode-star for the errant eyes."

District of Columbia —ELIZABETH S. OSGOOD

Always there is a dove somewhere
And where the dove is, love is there.

—W. F. M.

EDITOR'S SALON

(Continued From Page Two)

"But a taste for poetry has been steadily growing in this country. It speaks well for us that we who are under the indictment of being too mercenary are at heart, real lovers of ideals. The true poet is always an idealist. He sees the dream and attempts to visualize it; he paints the verbal picture and the printed page presents it to thousands.

"Young people are writing poetry—in the colleges, in the high schools. Collections of this work have been made, published in books, and presented over the radio. No one need worry about our young people; they are lovers of beauty; their ideals are high; they are sane and wholesome. Their thoughts revealed in their writings demonstrate this.

There have been and still are fads in poetry; perhaps, like other fads, they have succeeded in attracting attention. Plodders have to be startled out of their beaten paths of thought before they can be pointed to hitherto undiscovered roads. But these fads will pass as most idiosyncrasies do. The great harm to the cause of poetry comes from critics and editors who condemn a poem because of some old-fashioned word or phrase rather than judging it as a whole. Quoting from an editorial in a recent number of "Wings:"

" 'All the glow and pulse and glory of original feeling might be there; the fervor of a cloud-ranging spirit, the poigancy of deep tragic utterance, the scintilating vividness and the sonorous music of great poetry might manifest themselves in every stanza and line—all counted as nothing beside the fact that the poet had used certain words, phrases or structures commonly associated with the Victorians or pre-Victorian! "Taboo! Taboo!" the critics would cry, turning down their thumbs.'

"Another writer in 'Silhouettes,' speaking optimistically on Fads and Fancies, says: 'There are fashions in poetry. As with clothes, some of the fashions of the past have a certain beauty, or have taken on a certain glamor . . . Such are the French forms . . . The sonnet itself, like a Spanish shawl, is always in fashion.'

"So perhaps poetry, like the short story, is undergoing some modern experimentation. But the fact that lies back of it all, the fact that yields hope for future literature is that poetry is not only being written, but is being read and has a growing demand."

THE BOZART-CONTEMPORARY VERSE family appreciates the fact that The Ridgewood Herald devotes considerable space to this subject. This is the paper in which Constance Entwistle Hoar conducts "Poetry Patterns" as a regular feature.

This issue of the BOZART is terribly late, due to changes in the personnel of our print shop. Expect the next issue by December 10, God willin' and the weather permittin'.

Visiting The Makers

WITH

BEN MUSSER

Mrs. Edgar Allan Poe conducts a tea room; I've just come from a very good dinner there, and if you doubt me, go visit it yourself when you're in Washington (1880 Columbia Road, N. W.). I had planned to ask my waitress if her name was Lenore or Annabel Lee, but she turned out to be a man—and black. . . . . An orchid, or if he prefers, a shamrock, to A. M. Sullivan, for his many recent and wholly admirable prose-on-poetry articles, in *Shards*, *Voices*, and elsewhere. . . . . Speaking of the Augusta, Ga., magazine, August *Shards* included what to my mind is the finest poem I've seen in many months, LeGarde S. Doughty's "Ballad of the Shattered Face." Utterly dissimilar, but almost its equal in general excellence, was a poem by Lucia Trent in *Poetry World*, in mid-summer, its title something like "*Amazing Encounter*," only that wasn't it. (I have the very bad good habit of passing on my magazines before I've memorized them.) Neither of these superb poems will make Moult's self-styled "best" anthology, which is probably a compliment to them. . . . . Robert Nichols has been appointed a jurat, whatever that is, of Winchelsea, wherever that may be. The office carries with it the privilege of wearing ceremonial robes on civic occasions, and the duty of guarding the borough against invasion by the French. . . . . Another English poet, now resident in Amurrika, Edward Davison, has received a doctorate in letters from the University of Colorado, where he is now opening their School of Creative Writing. . . . . But you won't have

to go to the Rockies to be a schoolboy of creative writing, if the plans of The Poet Laureate League, Inc. materialize. The League hopes to found a college of poetry, no less, probably in Virginia and with a government subsidy. If you wish to donate your property, or offer your teaching services (gratis), or even merely matriculate, write for information to Earl A. Cuevas, 321 Southern Bldg., Washington, D. C. And while you're at it, ask him for a copy of his excellent leaflet, "The Plight of Poets."

Bob Dark (Robert L. Dark, Jr., to you) has put Etta Josephean Murfey's "Lullaby" to music, orchestration, harmonization, and all, and another poet, Adelaide Love, will give it its premier singing. Etta says the music "is hauntingly beautiful." . . . . Gilbert Maxwell, the Atlanta boy who made good in the Big City of Gotham, is reading his peoms over WEAF on Tuesdays at 11 A.M. . . . Zona Gale in private life is Mrs. Breese. I wonder if her sons are Eddy and Windy and if she reads Storm Jameson to them? . . . . For the second time this year, thieves broke into the California bungalow of James Neill Northe and his lovely wife, Margaret Scott Copeland; this time the bandits took a rare collection of old coins, antique jewelry and small museum pieces. But they can never steal Jemmie's gorgeous tenor voice, and no robber can ever take one's poetic gift, not even through plagiarism. . . . . Anton Romatka, 6 East 14th. St., New York City, is in a state of dire poverty and asks fellow poets to come to his aid. Mr. Romatka, a good technician and an adept at the rarer forms of verse, is in addition very gifted as illuminator and script writer in the manner of old monastic scriveners on vellum. He offers to turn your poem into something worth framing, in exchange for a little monetary help in his great need. . . . . If you have a job of small printing, multigraphing, or mimeographing to be done, I heartily recommend Dan "Doc" Boggs, of Columbus, Ohio, whose service is within price reach of poets.

The Paebar Company is preparing its annual Pay-as-you-enter, *The Best One Hundred Poems.* The catch is, contributors (that's a good word) contribute not only merely a best poem, that's only incidental, but also ten bucks for five copies. As Irl Morse remarks in *Better Verse,* "We wonder how many authors of the best one hundred poems written in America this year are sending them to Paebar

along with checks for ten dollars?" . . . . Edith Sitwell has mothered in her lean bosom a three-volume critical anthology, *The Pleasures of Poetry*. . . . . The most gorgeous anthology of the year will perhaps be *Land of Gold* (Tierra de Ora), a California-only collation of unpublished material, compiled and edited by James Neill Northe, editor of *Silhouettes* and *Warp and Woof*. Illustrated and decorated by Don Blanding, bound in rust, gold and scarlet, it promises to be even more beautiful than Mr. Nothe's first *Threads and Shadows*. A superb gift at Chritmas (303 Rosewood Court, Ontario, Calif., $3.00 per copy).

Edna Millay's new book, *Wine from these Grapes*, is scheduled for "probably" October 17th, of course from Harpers. . . . . Samuel Heller's second of his trilogy, *Nadir*, is to appear in October, from the Channing-Renton presses, overseas. The third volume, *Finalities*, will come later. . . . . Dom Placid's *From the Hid Battlements* will be off the press of Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, about November 1st. ($2.00 a copy; leather bound de luxe edition, numbered and signed, $7.50). . . .. Books recently added to my library (I'd pawn my last coffin nail to buy a book; but some of the following were gifts from their authors or publishers) include *Cup of the Years*, by J. Corson Miller (Bruce Humphries, Inc., Boston $1.75); *Velvel Shadow*, by Emma Wilson Emery (Parnassus Press, N.Y.C.); *East End, West End*, by Antoinette Scudder (Henry Harrison, N.Y.C., $1.00); *The Seventieth Week and Other Poems*, by Sr. Miriam Teresa, Litt.B., edited by the Rev. C. C. Demjanovitch (Catholic Protectory Press, Arlington, N. J., $1.65); *Strange Exodus*, by Marion Doyle (Lantern Press prize publication, Brooklyn, N.Y., $1.00); *Oklahoma Sunshine*, amusing light verse by Helen McMahon (Peerless Press Pub. Co., San Francisco); *Folly's Facets*, by D'Nova (Kansas State Prison, Lansing); Volume II of the anthology *Poems of America*, edited by Katherine Hunter Coe, introduction by E. M. Channing-Renton (Channing Press, 8 Bream's Bldgs., London E. C. 4); *Horizons of Death*, by Norman McCleod (Parnassus Press, New York); *Poetry: Its Appreciation and Enjoyment* by Louis Untermeyer and Carter Davidson (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00).

While statesmen overseas are compiling war schemes, Thomas Curtis Clark is compiling a collection of peace poems (440, So. Dearborn, Chicago). . . . . O'Malley's famous second-hand bookstore has moved

to 1064 Lexington Ave., New York. . . . . The gifted poet and essayist, Sister Madeleva, who has just returned from a year's study at Oxford, has been appointed president of St. Mary's College, at Notre Dame, Indiana. That's very nice for St. Mary's, but it's going to play hob with Sr. Madeleva's wonderful pen. . . . . Irl Morse is building a "Cabin-in-the-Pines," at Akeley, Minn., and invites you to buy shares in the enterprise. . . . . The N. C. Poetry Review (Stewart Atkins, Gastonia) has changed its format and its number of appearances; it offers a thrilling list of prizes. . . . . The *Blue Moon* lyric contest was won by Roland Cooke. A Petrarchan sonnet competition is now open, December 1st., closing date, first prize $10. . . . . *The Lion and the Unicorn* (41 W. 83rd. St., New York) is a new mag this fall, and requests short stories, verse, articles on literary projects. Editors are

Kenneth Griniger, Jess Claude, Jerome Francis.

Poet house guests or callers at Ben's seashore place during July included Caroline Giltman, Anne M. Robinson, Henri De Witt Saylor, Joseph Upper; during August, Father Placid, O. S. B., Jeannette Slocomb Edwards; in September, Dwight Strickland. . . . . A national campaign has begun to raise $125,000 to rehabilitate Joyce Kilmer's birthplace at New Brunswick, N. J., and to transform it into a memorial shine to the soldier-poet. Raymond A. Hale, of New Brunswick, is in charge of the drive. . . . Mary Austin, author of poems, plays, nvels and sociological studies, died August 13th., in New Mexico.

I had promised you more character readings from penmanship, by a certain graphologist here nameless; but I have since learned that Mr. Seymour Malmude is conducting a handwriting department in *Poetry World,* and naturally I prefer not to conflict with his interests. Write to Henry Harrison for details (430, Sixth Avenue, N. Y. City). . . . . .

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

WHITE PEAKS AND GREEN—by Ethel Romig Fuller, (Metropolitan Press, Portland, Oregon, $1.50).

Crystal clear and resonant with intonations of river, tree and high mountain places, is the voice of this singer variating from whispered allurement to fortissimo crescendo in true simulation of the speech of mountains.

Throughout its ninety-one printed pages there is no sense of being coerced, led or merely held to upland charms, but there *is* by virtue of forceful fascination a sense of being swept — compelled — engulfed. Here is poetry welling as from the soul-fountains of that which the aesthetic mind delights in personifying as a transitional entity rising above, surveying, and dispensing beauty's bounties through the symbols of deft imagery.

Ethel Romig Fuller, Poetry Editor of the SUNDAY PORTLAND OREGONIAN, and one of our most original of Western poets, knows her mountains, as so graphically evidenced in these lines from her, "This Mountain."

"And I shall have this mountain as memory
Always. * * *

"For moments of exultation
Dead rocks shall come alive
And leap, madly.
At the mis-step of a glacier
The stable ground shall quake;
There shall be mutability of certitude;
Tragedy of triumph. * * *

"For pain
There shall be anodynes of dawn
Frosted rose-silver;
Blue flowers at the edge of snow;
Avalanche lilies.
There shall be tortured trees at timberline
Enduring. . . * * * "

—ADRIAN HUFFMAN.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF POETRY—by Kirk and McKutcheon, Tulane professors, (American Book Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. —$2.50. Class supplies at a net price of $2.00, f.o.b. nearest shipping point.)

A comprehensive volume designed, primarily for an elementary college text, but treating of the principles of poetry with a truly representative collection of standard and classical material which makes it a book any student of poetry might proudly possess.

"It is a pity, we think," write the authors in their preface, "to approach poetry indifferently or merely in expectation of being lightly entertained. In certain poems the reader should expect to find that his own experiences, his own thoughts and feelings, are made more intelligible and more significant to him by the art of the poet. The reading of poetry can also be made a preparation for a better use of our sympathies and perceptions in the world of men and things."

DISCOVERING POETRY — by Elizabeth Drew (W. W. Norton & Co., New York.—$2.50).

This is another book to be enjoyed by students of poetry. It is written in a charming manner and the author, somehow, fills her reader with enthusiasm for a more appreciative study of poetry.

"Once the pleasures of poetry are discovered," she writes, "all its imperishable intellectual, moral and emotional values follow as naturally as leaves on a tree."

STRANGE EXODUS by Marian Doyle. (A Lantern Publication - $1.00)

This is the second annual prize-winning publication of the Lantern Press. The author has employed variety in both form and subject-matter and her themes are, for the most part, well-wrought.

STAR-GAZER—by J. Graydon Jeffries. (Driftwind Press — $1.00).

Seventeen star-lit poems in attractive form with a biographical essay of the author written by Benjamin Musser. "Jimmie, helpless on his bed, has grown stronger than most of us who lunge through life and clutch at shadows. He grasps reality, the real reality which defies time and tide and can be found only by those who dare to turn humbly-proudly from earth to gaze upon a star." So writes Mr. Musser, who has done a fine-spirited thing aiding one of his fellow-craftsmen. Copies of the book should be ordered direct from the author at Hospital, Brazil, Indiana.

THE WAY OF BEAUTY—by Mary S. Fitsgerald. (Kaleidoscope Press —$1.50).

With this attractive little volume's fourth edition now in preparation, Mrs. Fitsgerald has captured an appreciative audience with her appealing lyrics.

OPEN WINDOWS—by Edris Mary Probstfield. (Kaleidoscope Press— $1.50).

A first collection of verse by a young North Dakota poet whose work shows a sure and deft style.

OCEAN HAUNTS—by Burt Franklin Jenness. (Empire Publishing Company, New York and Paris — $2.00).

Dedicating this, his third volume of very, to the American Seamen, Mr. Jenness presents nearly a hundred poems which deal exclusively with the sea and the work, thoughts and pastimes of the seamen themselves. The writer's enthusiasm for the things of which he writes, is contagious.

VEILED EROS—by Archibald Rutledge. (Henry Harrison. — $2.00).

Poems of rare beauty, authentic because of a certain restraint, by an author of poetry and prose volumes and with such publications as Scribner's Poetry, Good Housekeeping, etc., using his work.

—A. R. M.

Hidden Truth

The dew upon a faded rose
  Will make a fairy ring,
And sunlight breathes enchantment
  On a butterfly's torn wing.
I dabble in a pot of rouge
  To conquor flying youth;
Perhaps it is a lie I live,
  Who knows? It may be truth!

Georgia

—MILDRED PRICE

BOOKS RECEIVED — TO BE REVIEWED.

FROM BAMBOO GLADE AND LOTUS POOL — by Robert Wood Clack — Banner Press — $2.00

SHANGHAI DAYS AND NIGHTS — by Tug.

WINDS OF MEMORY — by Gladys McDow Hibbett — Poetry Publishers (Phila.) — $2.00

UPWARD HO! — Frank Fisher Slocomb — Driftwood Press, Vt.

SEA FANCIES — Laura Emerson Gradick — Privately printed

SLIM SHEAF — Irving Haas — Privately printed

DORRANCE & COMPANY, Inc. (Phila.) CONTEMPORARY POET *SERIES*

CABIN FOR TWO — by Paul Waterman — $1.00

FOUR LEAF CLOVER — by Frederick E. Keller — $1.75

HOMEMAKER'S POEMS — selected by Carolyn Ann Cross from the writings of Frederick E. Keller — $1.00

ETERNAL QUEST — by May Roberts Clark — $1.75

FROM THE WOMB OF NIGHT — Emmanuel Chiboucas — $1.75

DEW ON MY HEAD — by Agnes K. Carruth — $1.50

PANSIES — by Lois E. Trepte — $1.00

Swift Wings

You are so swift of wing,
So glad to go
From *height* of *life* to *death*—
Far better so!

Pinioned, you have no sky,
No song, no zest:
The Bird with broken wing
Has need of Rest.

Tennessee —ALICE CATHEY

Dr. W. F. Shallenberger, of Atlanta, husband of Laura Boyd Shallenberger, nationally known poet, and a dear friend of this editor's Johns Hopkins days—and since, offers a prize of $25.00 for the best sea poem published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year, 1934. The judges to be nationally known poets.

Mrs. Harry G. Poole, prominent club woman of Atlanta, and a lover of the arts offers a prize of $25.00 for the best lyric published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year, 1934. This prize is to be known as "The Frank L. Stanton Memorial Prize." The judges are to be nationally known poets.